

# The SOLE SINGER

by MARTHA BELLINGER

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## SYNOPSIS.

Agatha Redmond, opera singer, starting for an auto drive in New York, finds a stranger sent to her by her father. She is accompanied by a stranger who climbs into the auto and chaperons her. James Hamilton, of Lynn, Mass., witnesses the abduction of Agatha Redmond. Hamilton sees Agatha Redmond taken aboard a yacht. He secures a tug and when the yacht drops anchor, he sees Agatha Redmond. Agatha Redmond, friend of Hamilton, had an appointment with him. Not meeting Hamilton, he makes a call upon friends, Madame and Miss Melrose. He proposes to the latter and is refused. The three arrange a coast trip on Van Camp's yacht, the Sea Gull. Hamilton wakes up on board the Jeanne D'Arc, the yacht on which is Agatha Redmond. He meets a man who introduces himself as Monsieur Chateaufort, who is Agatha's abductor. They fight, but are interrupted by the gunning of the vessel. Jimmy and Agatha are abandoned by the crew, who take to the boats. Jimmy and Agatha swim for hours and finally reach shore in a thoroughly exhausted condition. Hearing faintly the pair find Hand, the chauffeur who assisted in Agatha's abduction. He agrees to help them. Jim is delicious and on the verge of death. Hand goes for help. He returns with Dr. Thayer, who revives Jim, and the party is conveyed to Charleston, where Agatha's property is located. Van Camp and his party, in the Sea Gull, reach Charleston and get tidings of the wreck of the Jeanne D'Arc. Aleck finds Jim on the verge of death and Agatha in despair. She is a woman of strong religious convictions, and dislikes Agatha on account of her profession. She refuses to nurse Jim. Agatha pleads with her and she consents to take the case. Van Camp hears Agatha's story and gets on the track of Chateaufort. Hamilton is in danger. Chateaufort, friend of Van Camp, goes after Chateaufort. Agatha meets Melrose and both are surprised at their remarkable resemblance. Chateaufort, by a ruse induces Chateaufort to go to Agatha's house. Melrose recognizes Chateaufort as the spy of her persecutor, on whose account he left home. He was Melrose Chateaufort he thought he was abducting.

## CHAPTER XX.—Continued.

As he waited for her answer, Agatha suddenly came to herself. Her trembling ceased; she looked about upon them all with her truthful eyes; looked upon Hand standing unconcerned in the doorway, upon Chateaufort in the corner gleaming like an oily devil.

"No—he had nothing to do with it," she said.

Chateaufort's laugh beat back her words like a bludgeon.

"Liar, all liar!" he cried. "I might have known!"

But Chateaufort was impatient of all this. "And now, Monsieur Kidnap, you can walk off with this gentleman here. And you can't go one minute too soon. The penitentiary's the place for you."

Chateaufort turned on him with another laugh. "You need not feel obliged to hold on to me, Mister Land Agent. I know when I'm beaten—which you Englishmen never do. Got another of those pearls you offered me this morning?"

Before Chateaufort could make reply, or before the sheriff and his prisoner could get to the door, there was the chug of an automobile. A second later urgent and loud voices penetrated the room, first from the steps, then from the hall. One was the hearty voice of a man, the other was Lizzie's.

"Can't see her! Tell me I can't see her after I've run a hundred miles a day into the jungle on purpose to see her! The idea! Where is she? In here?" And in stalked Mr. Straker, with cap, linen duster, and high gaitered boots. He was pulling off his goggles. "Well, what's this? A family party? Where's Miss Redmond?"

"Mr. Straker—" cried Agatha.

"That's me! Oh, there you are! Why don't you open up and get some light? I can't see a thing!"

"Wait a minute, Mr. Straker—" Agatha was saying, when suddenly the attention of everybody in the room was drawn outside.

When Chateaufort had told Chateaufort that his horse was loose in the yard, it happened to be the truth; now, excited by fear of the strange machine that had just arrived, the horse, with flying bridled, was snorting and prancing on his way to the vegetable garden. It was almost beyond masculine power to resist the impulse of pursuit. Aleck and Chateaufort sprang through the window, the sheriff went as far as the lawn after them, and in that instant Chateaufort slipped like an eel through the open door and out to the gate to Straker's machine, still chugging. The sheriff saw him as he jumped in.

"Hey, there!" he shouted, and made a lively run for the gate. But before he reached it, Chateaufort had jerked open the lever, loosened the brake, and was passing the church at half speed.

"Hey, there," quickly called the sheriff. "He's got away!"

But Mr. Hand had already thought what was best to be done.

"Come on, here's another machine. We'll chase him!" he cried, as he went for the white motor-car, standing farther back under the trees. It had to be cranked, which required some seconds, but presently they were off. Hand and the sheriff, in hot pursuit after Straker's car.

Chateaufort and Aleck, triumphantly leading the horse, came back in time to see the settling cloud of dust.

"Mr. Chateaufort—Mr. Van Camp!" cried Agatha. "They've gone! They've gone! They've gone!"

"Who's got away?" demanded Chateaufort.

"All of them!" groaned Agatha, as she sank down on the piazza steps.

"Jimmy! Christmas!" ejaculated Mr. Straker. "This beats any twenty-three I ever saw. Regular Dick Deadwood game! And he's run off with my new race!"

"What!" yelled Chateaufort. "Did that bloomin' sheriff let that bloomin' rascal get away?"

"He isn't anybody I'd care to keep!" chuckled Straker. "But you know the new race's worth something."

"Did Chateaufort go off in that machine?" again inquired Chateaufort slowly and distinctly of the two women.

"Precisely," said Melrose, while Agatha bowed her head.

"By Jove, that sheriff's a dunder! Here, Van, give me the horse." And with the words Chateaufort grabbed Little Simon's best roaster, mounted him bareback, and turned his head up the road.

"I'll catch him yet!" he yelled back. But he didn't. Three miles farther along he came upon the wreck. The racer was lying on its side in a ditch which recent rains had converted into a substantial volume of mire and mud. The white machine was drawn cosily up under a spreading hemlock farther on, but Mr. Hand and the sheriff were nowhere in sight.

As Chateaufort stopped to gaze on the overturned car, he heard the crashing of underbrush in the woods near by. The steps came nearer. It was evident the chase was up; they were off the scent and obliged to return.

"Humph!" granted Chateaufort, and for once the clear springs of his disposition were made turbid with satire.

"We're all a pack of bloomin' asses—what's that we are. What in hell's the matter with us?"

While he was trying the horse to a tree, Hand appeared, silent, with an unfathomable disgust written on his countenance. As usual, he who was the least to blame came in for the hottest of the censure; and yet, there was a sort of fellowship indicated by Chateaufort's extraordinary arraignment of them both. He was scarcely known ever to have been profane, but at this moment he searched for wicked words and interspersed his speech with them recklessly, if not with skill. It is the duty of the historian to expurgate.

"I don't know just how you happen to be in this game," pronounced Chateaufort, "but all I've got to say is you're an ass—an infernal ass."

Hand, rolling up his sleeves, remained silent.

"I suppose if you'd had a perfectly good million-dollar bank note, you'd have let it blow away—piff! right out of your hands!" he fumed. "Or the title deed of Mount Olympus—or a ticket to a front seat in the New Jerusalem. That's all it amounts to. Catch an eel, only to let him slip through your fingers—eh, you?"

Mr. Hand made no answer. Instead, he waded into the ditch-stream and placed a shoulder under the racing car. Chateaufort's instinct for doing his share of work caused him to roll up his trousers and wade in, shoulder to shoulder with Hand, even while he was lecturing on the feebleness of man's wit.

"Good horse running loose into barbed wire fences had to be caught, but it didn't need a squadron of men and a forty-acre lot to do it in. Might have known he'd give us the slip if he could—biggest rascal in Europe!" And so on. Chateaufort, usually rather a silent man, blew himself empty for once, conscious all the time that he, himself, was quite as much to blame as Hand could possibly have been. And Hand knew that he knew, but kept his counsel. Hand ought to be prime minister by this time.

When the racing car was righted, he went swiftly and skilfully to work investigating the damage and putting the machine in order, as far as possible. Chateaufort presently became impressed with his mechanical dexterity.

"By Jove, you can see into her, can't you?" Hand continued silent, and left it to his companion to put on the finishing verbal touches.

"Tow her home and fill her up and she'll be all right, eh?" said Chateaufort, but Hand kept on tinkering. The sudden neighing and plunging of Little Simon's poor tormented horse gave warning of the sheriff, crashing down the underbrush directly into the road.

He was voluble with excuses. The fugitive had escaped, leaving no traces of his flight. He might be in the woods, or he might have run to the railroad track and caught the freight that had just slowly passed. He might be in the next township, or he might be—

"Oh, go to thunder!" said Chateaufort.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### JIMMY REDMOND.

If the occupants of the old red house felt overmuch inclined to draw a long breath and rest on their oars after their anxiety and recent excitement, Agatha's manager was able to supply a powerful antidote. He was restless incarnate.

He was combining a belated summer holiday with what he considered to be good business, "seeing" not only his prima donna secluded at Ilion, but other important people all the way from Portland to Halifax. When he heard that the man who ran off with his racing car was also responsible for the mysterious departure of Miss Redmond, his excitement was great.

"You mean to say that you were picked up and dragged in broad daylight in New York?" he demanded of Agatha.

"Practically that."

"And you escaped?"

"The yacht foundered."

"And that scamp walked right into your hands and you let him go?"

Agatha forced a rueful smile. "I confess I'm not much used to catching criminals."

Mr. Straker paused, lacking words to express his outraged spirit.

"I don't mean you, of course. This whole outfit here—what are they doing? Think they're put on in a walking part, eh? Don't they know enough to go in out of the rain?" Getting no reply to his fuming, he came down from his high horse, curiously impelling. "What'd he kidnap you for—ransom?"

"No. It seems that he mistook me for Miss Reynier—the lady out there on the lawn talking with Mr. Van Camp."

Mr. Straker bent his intent gaze out of the window.

"I don't see any resemblance at all."

His crusty manner implied that Agatha, or somebody, was to blame for all the coil of trouble, and should be made to pay for it.

"Even I was puzzled," smiled Agatha. "I thought she was some one I knew."

"Nonsense!" growled Mr. Straker. "Anybody with two eyes could see the difference. She's older, and heavier. What did the scoundrel want with her?"

"I don't know. She's a princess or something."

Mr. Straker jumped. "She is!" he cried. "Lord, why didn't you tell me?"

"I'm trying to."

"Advertising!" he shouted joyfully. "Jimmy! Christmas! We'll make it up—all this time lost. Princess who? Where from? I guess you do look like her, after all. I see it all now—head-lines! 'Strange confusion of identity! Which is the princess?' I'll draw crowds—thousands."

Agatha escaped, leaving Mr. Straker to collect from others the details of his advertising story, which he did with surprising speed and accuracy.

By the next morning he had pumped Salie, Doctor Thayer and Aleck Van Camp, and had extracted the promise of an interview from Miss Reynier herself.

The only really unsatisfactory subject of investigation was Mr. Hand, whom Straker watched for a day or two with growing suspicion. Straker had sputtered, good-naturedly enough, over the "accident" to his racing-car, and had taken it for granted, in rather a high-handed manner, that Mr. Hand was to make repairs. His manner toward the chauffeur was not pleasant, being a combination of the patron and the bully. It was exactly the sort of manner to precipitate civil war, though diplomacy might serve to cover the breach for a time.

But the racing-car, ignominiously towed home by Miss Reynier's white machine, stood undisturbed in one of the open carriage sheds by the church. Eluded by Hand for the space of twenty-four hours, and finding that the injury to the car was beyond his own mechanical skill to repair, Mr. Straker sent peremptory word to Chateaufort and to the Hillside for the services of a mechanic, without satisfaction. Little Simon thought the matter was beyond him, but informed

Mr. Straker that perhaps the engineer at the quarry—a native who had "been to Boston"—and qualified as chauffeur—would come and look at it.

Then for Heaven's sake, colonel, get him to come and be quick about it," adjured Mr. Straker. "And tell him for me that there's long-yellow for him if he'll make the thing right."

"He'll charge you two dollars an hour, including time on the road," solemnly announced Little Simon, unimpressed by any mention of the long-yellow. Had Little Simon "liked," he could probably have mended the car himself, but Mr. Straker's manner, so effective on Broadway, was not to the taste of these country people. He thought of them in their poverty as "peasants," but without the kindness of the born gentleman. What Aleck Van Camp could have got for love, Mr. Straker could not buy; and he was at last obliged to appeal to Hand through Agatha's agency.

"I'll look at it again," Hand replied shortly, when Agatha addressed him on the subject.

The car being temporarily out of commission, it was necessary for Mr. Straker to adopt some other means of making himself and everybody about him extremely busy. He took a fancy for yachting, and got himself diligently instructed in an art which, of all arts, must be absorbed with the three R's and followed with enthusiastic devotion. In Mr. Straker every qualification for seamanship was lacking save enthusiasm, but as he himself never discovered this fact, his amour propre did not suffer, and his companions were partly relieved of the burden of his entertainment. Presently he made up his mind that it was time for him to see Jimmy. His nose, trained for scenting news, led him inevitably to the chief actor in the unusual drama which had indirectly involved his own fortunes, and he saw no reason why he should not follow it at once.

"You'd better wait a while," cautioned Doctor Thayer. "That young man pumped his heart dry as a seed-pod, and got some fever germs on top of that. He isn't fit to stand the third degree just yet."

"I'm not going to give him any third degree, not a bit of it. Here! Saved a Princess!" and all that. That's what's coming to him as soon as the newspapers get hold of it. But I want to know how he did it, and what he did it for. Tell him to buck up."

Jimmy did buck up, though Mr. Straker's message still remains to be delivered. He gathered his forces and exhibited such recuperative abilities as to astonish the old red house and all Ilion. Doctor Thayer and each of his nurses in turn unconsciously assumed credit for the good work, and Salie Kingsbury took a good share of pride in his satisfactory recovery.

"Two aigs regular," she would say, with all a housekeeper's glory in her guests' enjoyment of food.

There was enough credit to go round, indeed, and Jimmy presently became the animated and interesting center of the family. He might have been a new baby and his bedroom the sacred nursery. He was being spoiled every hour of the day.

"Did he have a good night?" Agatha would anxiously inquire of Mr. Hand.

"Can't tell which is night; he sleeps all the time," would be the tenor of Mr. Hand's reply. Or Salie would ask, as if her fate depended on the answer, "Did he eat that nice piece of chicken, Aunt Susan?"

Mr. Straker would say, "Eat it! It disappeared so quick I thought he'd choke. Wanted three more just like it, but I told him that invalids were like puppy-dogs—could only have one meal a day."

"Well, how'd he take that?" asked the interested Salie.

"He said if I thought he was an invalid any longer I had another guess coming. Says he'll be up and into his clothes by tomorrow and is going to take care of me. Says I'm pale and need a high-ball, whatever that is."

"Never heard of it," said Salie.

"He's a good young man, if he did get pitched overboard," went on Mr. Straker. "But he doesn't need me any more, and I guess I'll be going along home."

"I don't know but what the rest of us need you," complained Salie. "It's more of a Sunday school picnic here than you'd think, what with a New York press agent and a princess, to say nothing of that Mr. Hand."

"He certainly knows how to manage a sick man," said Susan.

Mrs. Stoddard made her way to Agatha in the cool chamber at the head of the stairs. Agatha, in a dressing-sack, with her hair down, called her in and sent Lizzie away.

"You're not going, are you, Mrs. Stoddard?" She took Susan's two hands and held them lovingly against her cheek. "It won't seem right here, without you."

"You've done your duty, Agatha, and I've done mine, as I saw it. I'm not needed here any more, but I'll send Angle over to help Salie with the work, after I get the crab-apples picked."

Agatha held Mrs. Stoddard's hands closely. "Ah, you have been good to us!"

"There is none good but one," quoted Mrs. Stoddard; nevertheless her eyes were moist with feeling. "You'll stay on in the old red house?"

"I don't know; probably not for long. But I almost wish I could."

"I've learned a sight by you, Agatha. I want you to know that," said Susan, struggling with her reticence and her impulse toward confession.

"Oh, don't say that to me, Mrs. Stoddard. I can only remember how good you've been to us all."

But Susan would not be denied. "I thought you were proud and vain and—worldly, Agatha. And I treated you harsh, I know."

"No, no. Whatever you thought, it's all past now, and you are my friend. You'll help me to take care of this dear old place—yes?"

"The Lord will establish the work of your hands, my child!" She suddenly turned with one of her practical ideas. "I wouldn't let that new city man in to see Mr. Hamilton just yet, if I were you."

"Mr. Straker trying to get in to see Mr. Hamilton?"

"Knocked at the door twice this morning, and I told him he couldn't come in. 'Why not?' said he. 'Danger of fever,' said I. Then Mr. Hamilton asked me who was there, and I said, 'I don't exactly know, but it's either Miss Redmond's maid's bear or a press agent,' and then Mr. Hamilton called out, as quick and strong as anybody, 'Go away! I think I've got smallpox.' And he went off, quicker'n a wink, and hasn't been back since."

"I guess he'll get over his smallpox scare, but Mr. Hamilton don't want to see him, not yet. He wants to see you."

"I'm going in to see him soon, anyway," said Agatha.

But still she waited a little before going in for her morning visit with James. It meant so much to her, it wasn't to be taken lightly and casually, but with a little pomp and ceremony. Each day since the night of the crisis she had paid her morning call, and each day she had seen new lights in Jimmy's eyes. In vain had she been matter-of-fact and practical, treating him as an invalid whose vagaries should be indulged even though they were of no importance. He would not accept her on those terms. Back of his weakness had been a strength, more and more perceptible each day, touching her with the sweetest flattery woman ever receives. It was the strength of a lover's spirit, looking out at her from his eyes and speaking to her in every infection of his voice. Moreover, while he stoically and continuously denied his feverishness, he took no trouble to conceal this other malady. As soon as he could speak distinctly he proclaimed his spiritual madness, though nobody but Agatha, and possibly Mrs. Stoddard, quite understood.

"I'm not sick; don't be an idiot, Hand. And give me a shave, for Heaven's sake. Anybody can get knocked on the head—that's all the matter with me. Give me some clothes and you'll see." Even Hand had to give in quickly. Jimmy's resilience passed all expectations. He came up like a rubber ball; and now, on a fine September morning, he was getting shaved and clothed in one of Aleck's suits. Finally he was propped up in an easy chair by a window overlooking the towering elm tree and the white church.

"Brandy—couldn't you get me some kind of a drink? This soft sherry business doesn't look very fit, does it, without a tie?" coaxed Jim.

"If you ask me, I say you look fine."

"Where'd you get all your good clothes, I'd like to know?" inquired Jim sternly, looking at Hand's immaculate linen.

"Miss Salie washes 'em after I go to bed in the morning," confessed Hand.

"Oh, she does, does she?" jeered Jimmy. "Well, you'll have to go to bed at night, like other folks, now. And then what'll you do?"

"I guess Miss Salie'll have to sit up nights," modestly suggested Hand, when a slipper struck him in the back. "Good shot! What'd you want now—an opera hat?" he inquired derisively.

"Andy!" ejaculated Jim, dismay settling on his features. "I've just thought! Do you s'pose I'm paying hotel bills all this time at The Larue?"

Hand grinned unsympathetically. "If you engaged a room, sir, and didn't give it up, I believe it's the custom."

"That'll do for now, Andy, if you can't get up any better answer than that. Lord, what's that!" Jim suddenly exclaimed, as if he hadn't been waiting, all ears, for that very step in the passage.

"I guess likely that'll be Miss Redmond," replied the respectful Hand. And so it was.

Agatha, fresh as the morning, stood in the doorway for a contemplative moment, before coming forward to take Jim's outstretched hand.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

He who boasts of his descent prizes the deeds of another—Seneca.

## SAVE OLD ST. JOHN'S

Historic Church Edifice in N. Y. to Be Conserved.

Old Chapel of Trinity Parish is One of the Two Structures of Their Kind Standing on Manhattan Island a Century Ago.

New York.—Blocking the road of progress—even where it is the road of temporary progress only—is an offense of which growing cities are rarely impatient. They are apt ruthlessly to destroy for some immediate commercial and landmarks, which cannot be restored when, after a few years, the road of progress must be shifted again. New York naturally is particularly apt to be hasty in such matters. Perhaps, in view of the comparative scarcity of historical architecture worthy of preservation, it has more excuse than some older cities for an unsentimental attitude. All the more



Portico and Spire of St. John's.

reason therefore exists for protecting whatever exists that is worthy. And the case of St. John's chapel of Trinity parish is a notable case in point.

The beautiful old building in Varick street has had many narrow escapes already, and Trinity Corporation can hardly claim the credit for its survival into its one hundred and fourth year. Rather the vigilance of the newspapers has saved it. It is the newspapers again which have widely advertised those recent plans for street improvements to meet new conditions in the region of west side warehouses which contemplated once more the sacrifice of St. John's rather than, for instance, any part of the ugly pile of brick across the way—the freight station which was the usurper of the park which once faced the chapel, and though the fashion that frequented it has moved far uptown, should still face it. Publicity is doing its part. For the rest the present status of affairs is indicated in the following statement from George McAneny, who, as borough president of Manhattan, has the streets in charge: "It is recognized," says Mr. McAneny, "by all who want to preserve the old landmarks of New York, that nothing should be left undone to prevent the demolition of St. John's chapel. The matter is in abeyance now, pending the acquisition by the city of the land which is to be taken in connection with the widening of Varick street. When the map has been fixed, however, the board of estimate and appointment will have the power to change the line of either the roadway or the sidewalk. I propose to ask the board to take action upon this not later than the first meeting in September. It is impracticable to obtain action before that time, because any change in the plans at present would involve the reopening of the entire proceeding for widening Varick street, and that would mean a long delay."

St. John's chapel is one of the two church edifices that were standing on Manhattan island a century ago, the other being St. Paul's chapel, between Fulton and Vesey streets on Broadway. The Trinity church, which then stood in Broadway opposite Wall street, was not the present Trinity church, which is the third on the same site, the first, consecrated in 1698, having been destroyed in the great fire of 1776, and a subsequent structure, erected after the Revolution, pulled down to make way for the present one. St. George's, on what was known as Chapel hill at Cliff (then Van Cliff) and Beekman streets, was the first of the Trinity chapels to come into existence. It was consecrated in 1752, but became a separate charge in 1811. The edifice was burned in 1814 and rebuilt the following year, and after 1846 rebuilt once again on the ground on which it now stands, in Rutherford place.

## Adopts Municipal Flag.

Kansas City.—The city council has adopted a pennant for Kansas City, to be used on all occasions where a flag is appropriate. The pennant will be of light navy blue. The field of the city is to be in the left-hand corner, with the words "Kansas City, a good place to live," in white letters.

## Promptness Is Rewarded.

South Orange, N. J.—An amethyst necklace was presented to Miss Elizabeth Arcularius, a graduate of the high school here this year, by the board of education for her perfect record of attendance. She was neither late nor absent for the past 12 years.

## Woman Appointed Market Clerk.

Philadelphia.—Miss Achah Lippincott was appointed chief market clerk here at a salary of \$1,000 a year. She headed the civil service eligibility list with a higher average than three men competitors. She will study market conditions in other cities.

Unpardoned sin destroys the soul and its natural hopefulness.

Sometimes a man's friends think of him as his enemies speak of him.

Second thoughts are sometimes best in a case of love at first sight.

Some people manage to make a little truth go a long way by stretching it.

Many a politician doesn't know which side of the fence he is on until he falls off.

A girl's troubles soon cease to worry her after she tells them to her mother.

When a man acquires peck of trouble it looks to him like a bushel and a half.

Men of genuine merriment are helpful to their fellows.

FOR WEAKNESS AND LOSS OF APETITE.

The Old Standard Food Strengthening Tonic, GLOVER'S BARK AND IRON TONIC drives out Malaria and builds up the system. A true tonic and sure Appetizer. For adults and children. In cans.

Query.

"You should register on your party's side."

"On the cash register?"

Accurate Reply.

"Do I take this steamer to Boston?"

"Well, I'd let the captain do that if I were you."

Retort Courteous.

Nell—"My face is my fortune."

Belle—"Then you need never be afraid of fortune hunters."

Appropriate One.

"What kind of a horse do you think would suit a fireman best?"

"I suppose a plug would."

Similarity.

"My dog begging for a bone is like the argumentative orator."

"How so?"

"Because he paws for a reply."

Serious.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the fond father, anxiously. "Whatever can be the matter with the baby?—It isn't crying!"—Puck.

Paper and Slate.

"My profits are largely on paper," remarked the broker.

"Mine are on the slate," chimed in the foxy coal dealer, with a wink.

Mean Intimation.

"What is this hard round object which has just rolled to my feet?"

"I don't know whether it's a golf ball or one of my wife's biscuits."

Properly Named.

"Why does this piano manufacturer call his business an infant industry?"

"Because he manufactures mostly baby grands."

Snippe After Him.

"I hear that Briggs is behind with his tailor